THE CBLDF PRESENTS

LIBERTY ANNUAL 2013

image

MATURE READERS

FIGHTING CENSORSHIP SINCE 1986!

TIM SEELEY
RICHARD CORBEN
GABRIEL HARDMAN
AND MORE!

image

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The CBLDF PRESENTS

LIBERTY ANNUAL 2013™

RICHARD CORBEN
GABRIEL HARDMAN
TIM SEELEY
...AND MORE!

GABRIEL BA' 13

CBLDF

THE DEAD SHALL HAVE LIBERTY FROM THE GRAVE!

AN IMAGE COMIC

2013

ANSWERING THE QUESTION

WHAT IF... WERTHAM WAS RIGHT?

© CORBEN

CORBEN - HARDMAN - SEELEY...AND MORE!

THE BEST OF 2013

LIBERTY ANNUAL

™

2013

image

MATURE READERS

THE RETURN OF

HACK/SLASH

RICHARD CORBEN
GABRIEL HARDMAN
TIM SEELEY
...AND MORE!

DON'T OPEN IT
Story, Art, Colors & Letters: Fábio Moon

DUN'S RETURN
Story & Art: Richard Corben

THE SHOOT
Story: Corinna Bechko & Gabriel Hardman
Art: Gabriel Hardman

CHARLES DE GHOUL: THE CURSE OF THE EMPTY SUIT
Story: Jeremy Atkins
Pencils: D.A. Cox
Inks: Andy Owens

HOAX HUNTERS: GRIEVANCE DAY
Story: Steve Seeley & Michael Moreci
Art: Joe Eisma
Colors: Greg & Fake
Letters: J.W. Campbell

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT: CAPTAIN MISINFORMATION
Story: Josh Williamson
Art: Dennis Culver

MY HERO
Story: Art Baltazar & Franco
Art, Colors & Letters: Art Baltazar

A MUSTACHE AT MY HEELS
Story: Paul Tobin
Art & Colors: Juan Ferreyra

PUNK ROCK IS OUT TO LUNCH
Story: Leah Sottile
Art: Emi Lenox
Colors: Michelle Madsen

HACK/SLASH: AVERT YOUR EYES
Story: Tim Seeley
Art: Andy Kuhn
Colors: Zac Atkinson
Letters: Crank!

WHAT IF WERTHAM WAS RIGHT?
Story: Josh Williamson
Art & Colors: Ron Chan

Colors DAVE STEWART
UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

Letters NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®
UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

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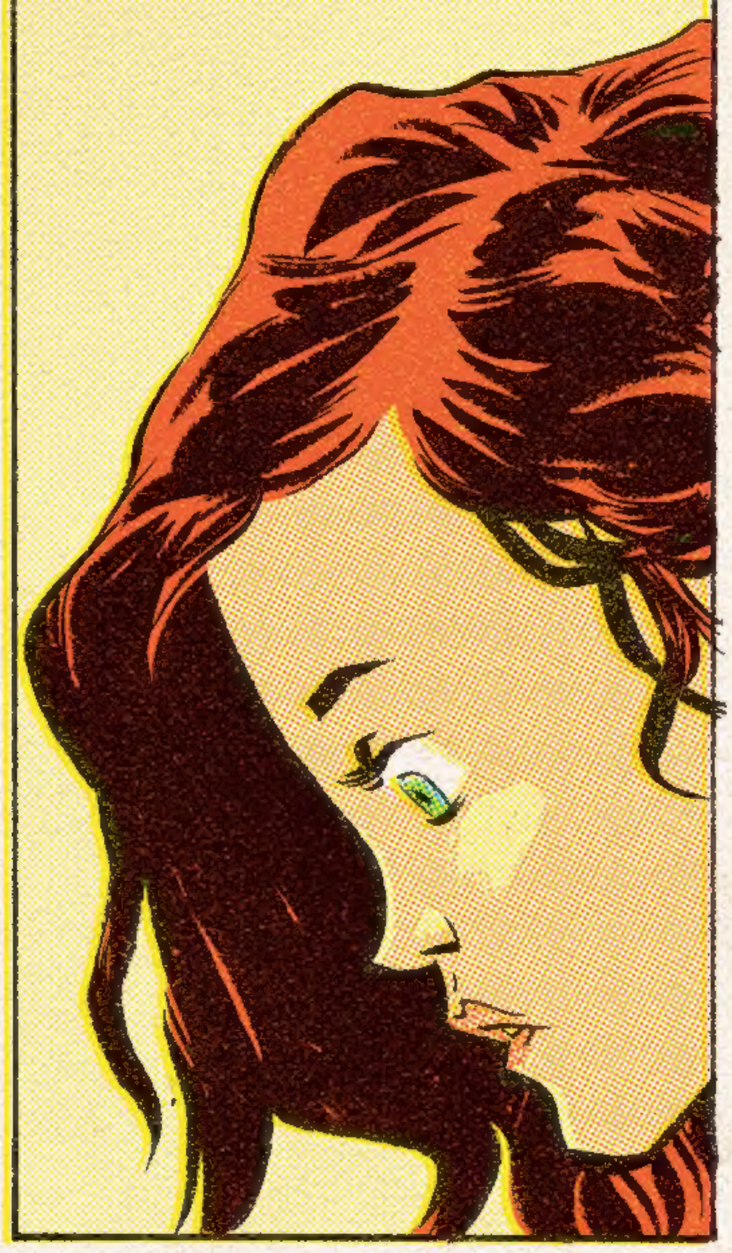
DON'T OPEN IT!

"DON'T OPEN IT," SAID THE ARTIST AS HE LEFT HIS BAG WITH HER.

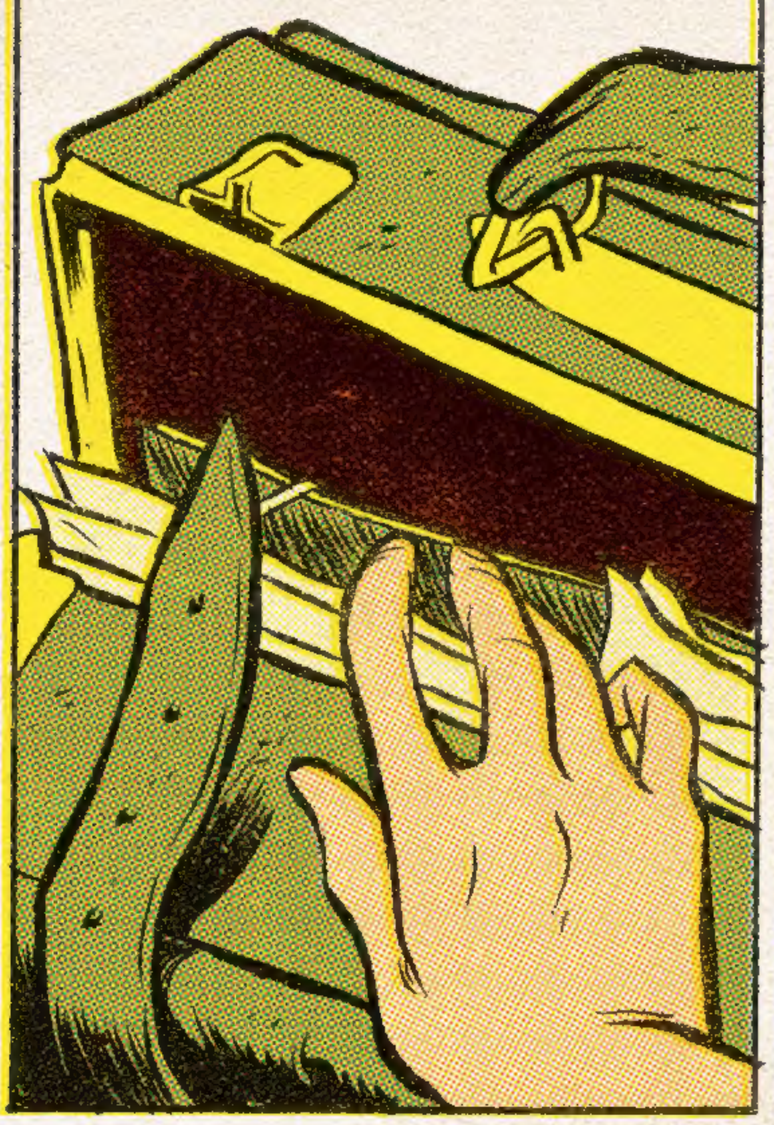
HE WAS VERY CLEAR ABOUT IT.

BUT SHE WAS CURIOUS.

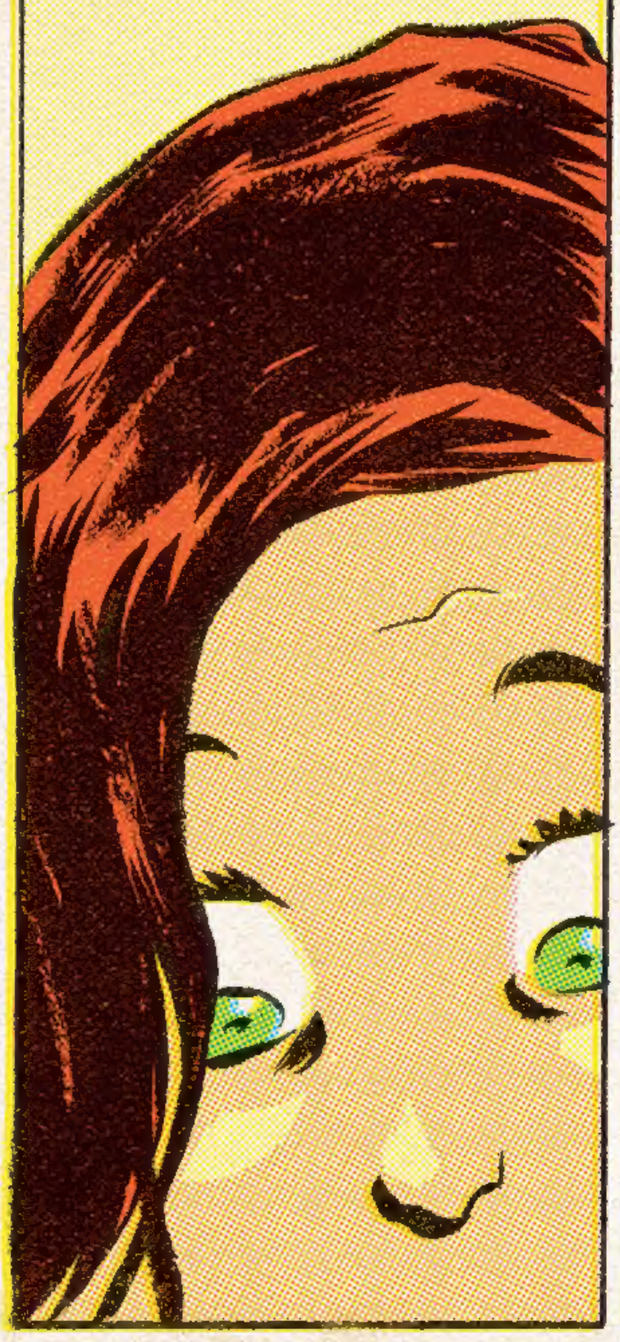


AT FIRST, NOTHING STOOD OUT.

A BUNCH OF PAPERS. THAT'S ALL.



THEN SHE SAW SOMETHING.



DEEP INSIDE THE BAG, IN THE DARK, SHE SAW SOMETHING SHE WAS NO LONGER USED TO SEEING.

SOMETHING NO ONE WAS ALLOWED TO HAVE.

AN IDEA.

SPI 2013

HIYA, GANG. HERE'S A BIT OF A DOWNER FOR YA. THERE WAS THIS CARTOONIST, HARVEY CRAIG, WHO WAS TRYING TO BRING BACK ONE OF HIS OLD CHARACTERS.

HIS STUFF HAD NEVER BEEN REALLY SUCCESSFUL, BUT HE THOUGHT WITH A LOT OF HARD WORK, IT MIGHT BE WORTHWHILE. THEN THERE WAS DISTRICT ATTORNEY MCVEY...HE ***HATED*** HARVEY'S COMICS.

HE TRIED TO GET AN INJUNCTION AGAINST THE PLANNED COMIC, BUT A JUDGE RULED ***THAT*** UNCONSTITUTIONAL. SO THE D.A. HAD SOMETHING ELSE UP HIS SLEEVE...

DUN'S RETURN

BY RICHARD CORBEN

COLORS BY
DAVE STEWART

LETTERING BY
NATE PIEKOS
OF BLAMBOT©

HERE WE ARE, SIR. IT'S REALLY OUT IN THE STICKS. MAY I HELP YOU WITH YOUR SUITCASE?

NO, OFFICER KELLY. I CAN MANAGE. I MAY BE A WHILE, IF YOU WANT TO SNOOZE A BIT. HOPEFULLY, I CAN CONVINCE HIM TO CHANGE HIS PLANS.

"WITH DETERMINATION, THE BIG MAN TRUDGED UP THE LONG STAIRWAY.

"PAUSING A MOMENT ON THE PORCH, HE TOOK A DEEP BREATH AND KNOCKED."

WHO--? OH, IT'S YOU. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU. IT WON'T TAKE LONG.

OKAY. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

YOU LIVE *AND* WORK IN THIS DUMP...?

DUN'S RETURN

I HOPE I CAN CONVINCE YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT YOUR...UH...*PROJECT.*

WHAT THE HELL IS *THAT?*

IT'S THE ART FOR MY PROMOTIONAL POSTER. LOOK, THE JUDGE SAID I COULD GO AHEAD, AND I INTEND TO. IT'S MY RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH.

THIS IS *CRAP!*

HEY! *STOP!*

RRIIP!

IT TOOK ME A *WEEK* TO DRAW THIS. *WHY* IN HELL DID YOU TEAR IT UP?

I COULD *SUE* YOU, YOU ASSHOLE!

SIMMER DOWN, CREEP!

I'VE GOT SOME PRESENTS FOR YOU. JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS.

THERE. IT'S YOUR VERY OWN *BOMB* AND *DRUG* FACTORY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I DON'T GET IT. I DON'T USE THIS STUFF.

BUT IT IS NEEDED. AND YOU'LL NEED THIS, TOO. *HERE!*

A GUN! WHY?

DON'T TRY TO FIRE IT. I FIXED IT.

BUT THIS ONE WORKS.

YOU ARE A DESPERATE TERRORIST. I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU--

NO! I--!

--IN SELF DEFENSE.

BAM!

HARVEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? AAAAH!

AND YOUR FELLOW CONSPIRATORS.

BAM!

HERE'S A LITTLE ONE FOR YOU, DEAR.

SIR! I HEARD SHOOTING. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

KELLY, NOT ONLY WAS HE A *SMUT PEDDLER*, BUT A *DRUG-DEALING TERRORIST!* THEY WENT FOR THEIR GUNS. I HAD NO CHOICE.

OH MY *GOD!* BUT--GOOD RIDDANCE.

The Daily Chronicle

HERO D. A. WIPES OUT DRUG-PORN GANG!

THWARTS BOMB ATTEMPT

THIS LITTLE PECCADILLO TURNED OUT PRETTY GOOD FOR THE D. A. APPARENTLY HE GOT AWAY WITH IT...AND THE CRAIGS ENDED UP OUT *HERE.*

"BUT THEY DIDN'T REST EASY.

SMU CART

"LATER, AT THE D.A.'S ESTATE..."

EEYAGHH!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE. *REVENGE OF THE DEAD*, JUST LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS OF COMICS. THAT'S *REAL* JUSTICE.

SCRIPT: GABRIEL HARDMAN & CORINNA BECHKO / ART: GABRIEL HARDMAN / COLORS: DAVE STEWART / LETTERS: NATE PIEKOS

THE SHOOT

GOD DAMN!

LONE PINE, CALIF. 1913.

CUT!

IT'S A NASTY BREAK!

SON OF A BITCH. WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO FOR AN ENDING NOW?

JUST GET BIX T' SPLINT IT UP. PLENTY OF DAYLIGHT-- =GROAN= --- LEFT. I CAN MAKE IT!

BRING THE TRUCK AND LOAD 'IM UP! NO GANGRENE ON ***MY*** SET!

THAT'S NOT GOING IN THE PICTURE IS IT?

NAW, WE CAN CUT IT TOGETHER ANY WAY WE WANT.

IT'S LIKE A MAGIC BOX!

WHAT, THIS CAMERA? NO MORE MAGIC THAN YOUR CASE FULLA POWDER AND MAKEUP THERE.

CAN YOU SING "CAMPTOWN RACES"? THEN YOU CAN SHOOT A PICTURE.

YOU JUST GRIND TO THE TUNE TO KEEP THE SPEE--

PINNG

PATENT MEN!
POW
RUN!
WHIZ-PING
DAMN IT, STAY PUT!
BLAM
THOSE ARE REAL BULLETS!
IT'S A PATENT COMPANY MAN!
A...A WHAT?
YOU'VE HEARD OF THOMAS EDISON? "WIZARD OF MENLO PARK"?
WHO HASN'T?
WELL, EDISON SAYS HE INVENTED THIS HERE CAMERA.
"PLENTY OF OTHERS DISAGREE. BUT EDISON'S GOT UNCLE SAM ON HIS SIDE. NOT TO MENTION SOME BARONS WITH A *LOT* OF MONEY.
"EDISON AND THOSE MEN BANDED TOGETHER TO MAKE THE MOTION PICTURE PATENTS COMPANY A COUPLE YEARS BACK...

"USED TO BE, ANYBODY WITH A CAMERA COULD MAKE A MOVIE. BUT WHEN EDISON GOT HIS PATENT THAT CHANGED.

"'COURSE, THAT DIDN'T STOP PEOPLE WHO ***WEREN'T*** EDISON FROM WANTING TO MAKE PICTURES. SO HIS PATENT COMPANY HIRED GOONS TO SHUT THOSE PICTURE MAKERS DOWN.

"BUT YOU KNOW PICTURE FOLK. THAT JUST MADE 'EM ***MORE*** DETERMINED TO TELL THEIR STORIES, SO LOTS OF PRODUCTIONS MOVED OUT OF NEW YORK AND CAME WEST...

"INCIDENTALLY GIVING JOBS TO BURBANK GIRLS LIKE YOU.

"THOUGHT WE'D BE BEYOND EDISON'S REACH OUT HERE. BUT THAT'S ONE DETERMINED PATENT MAN UP ON THAT RIDGE!"

BUT WHY ARE THEY TRYING TO ***KILL*** US?

NOT US--THE ***CAMERA!***

YOU SEE, IT'S THE FILM ***LOOP*** THAT'S PATENTED, NOT...

PIING

SUFFICE TO SAY THAT THEY'RE AFTER THE CAMERA!

JUMP ON!

WHA?

HOW ARE YOU DRIVING THAT THING?!

I STILL GOT ONE GOOD LEG!

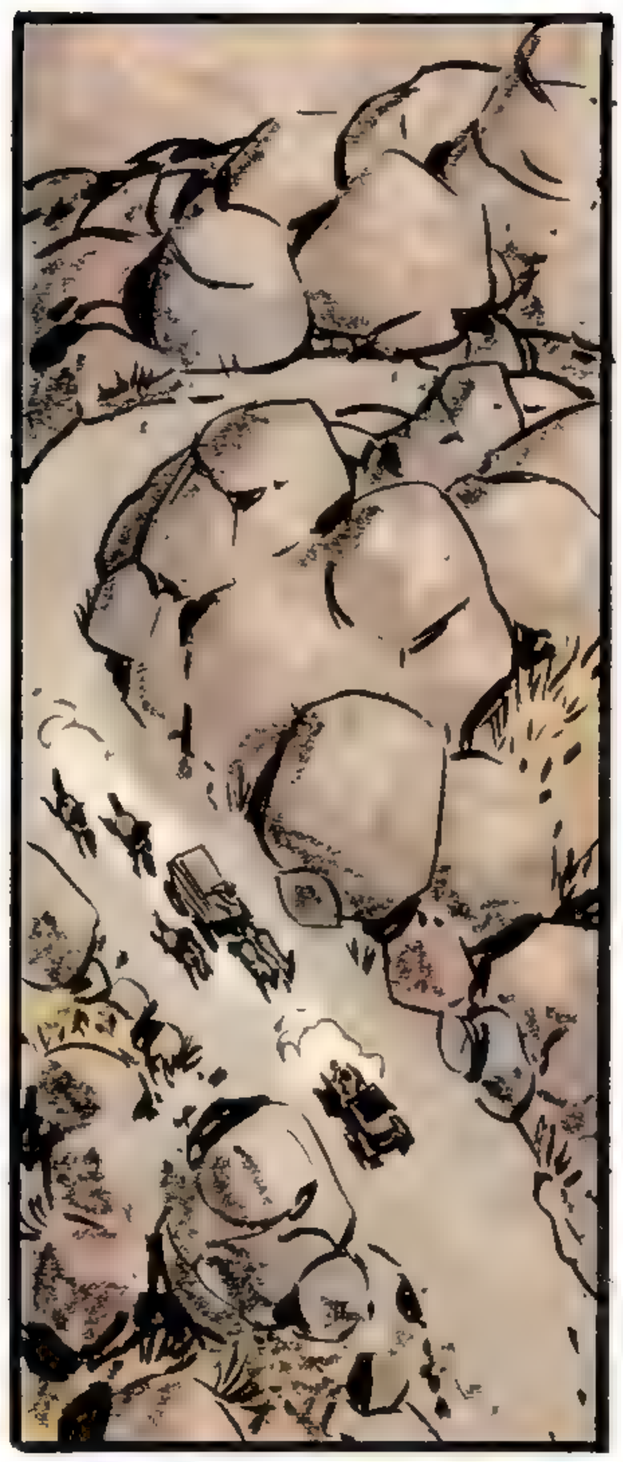
LISTEN UP, YOU TWO--

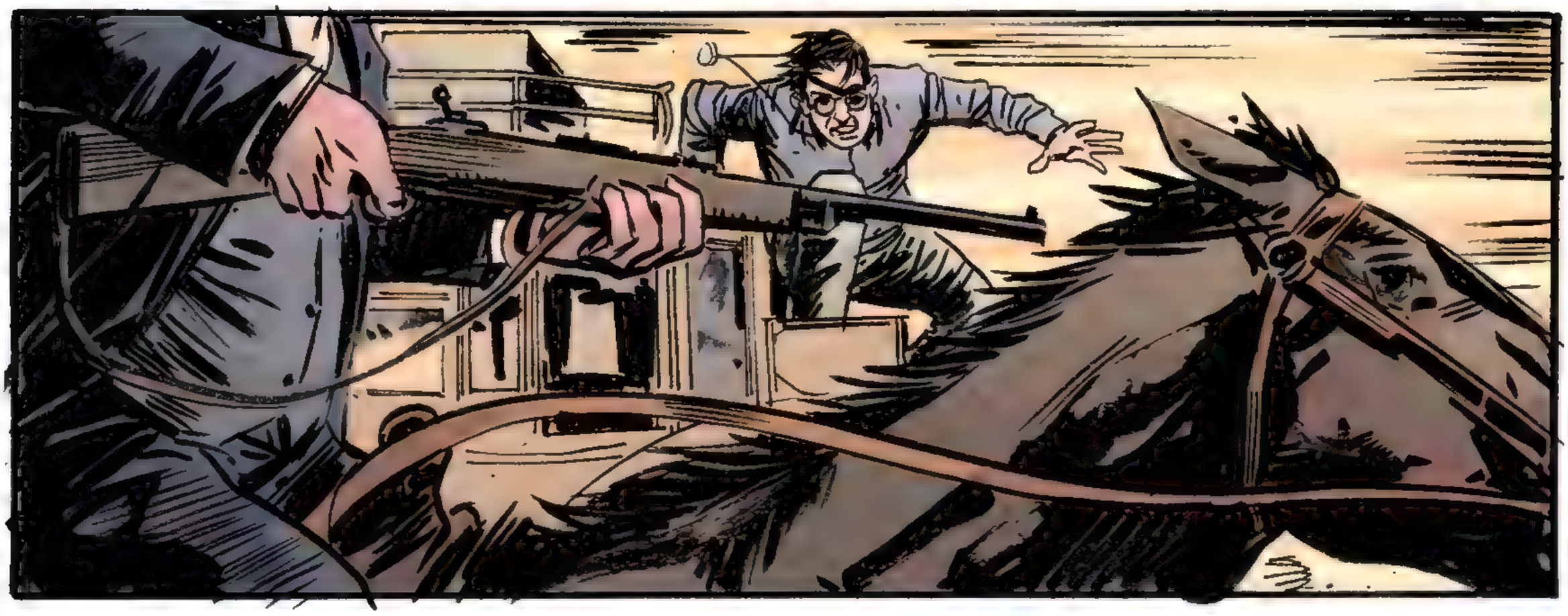
I'VE GOT A HELL OF AN IDEA!

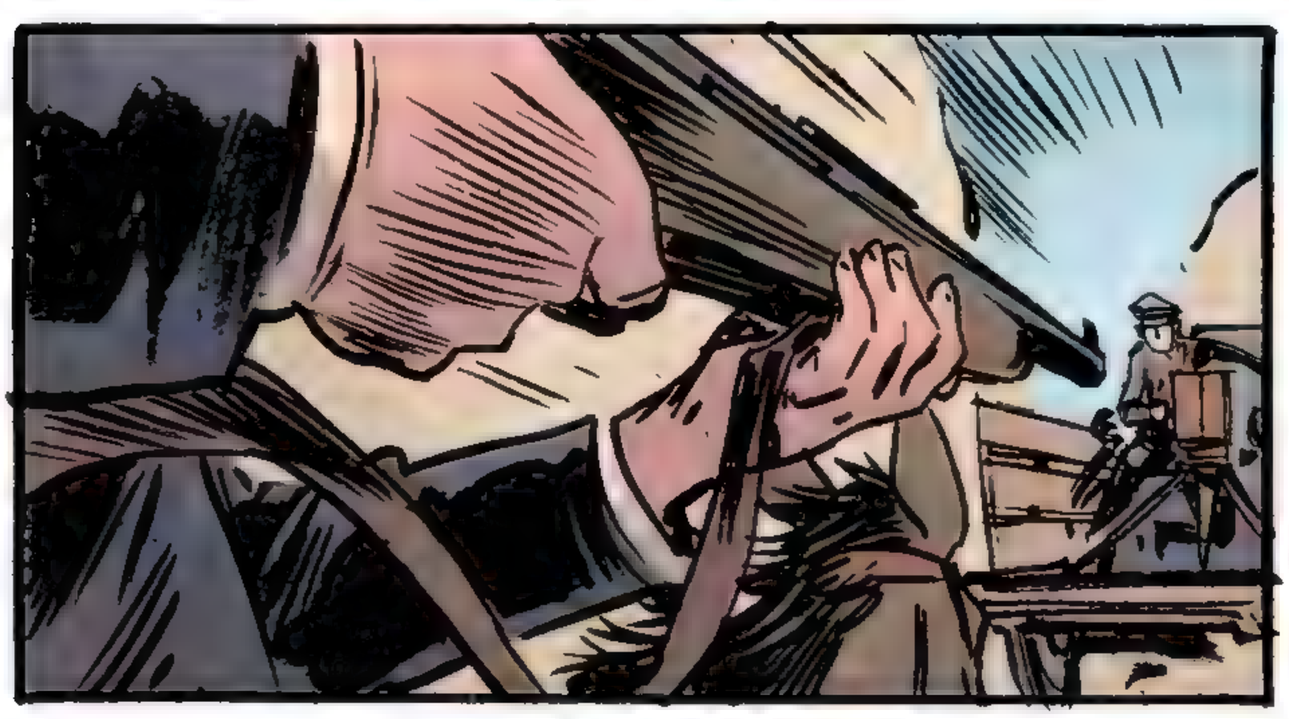
DRIVE, DAMN IT! *DRIVE!*

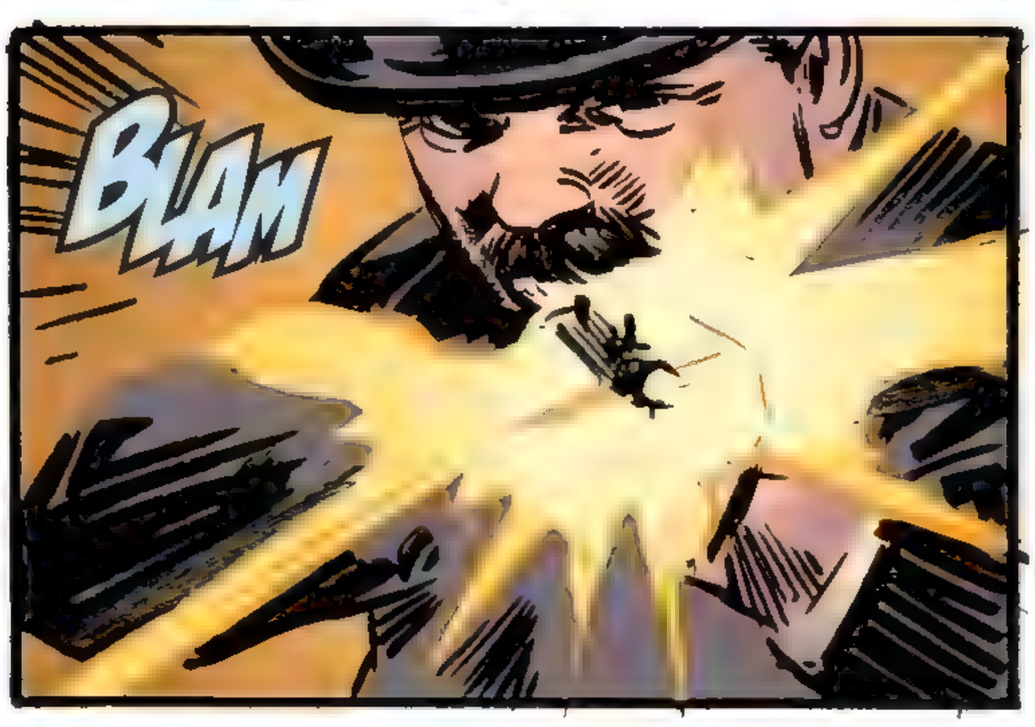
HOLD STILL!

YAH!








BLAM

KK-PANNG

OOF!

I'M WILLING TO SHOOT MORE THAN A CAMERA!

WHY BOTHER? MY JOB'S DONE ANYWAY!

YOU ALL RIGHT OVER THERE?

FIT AS A FIDDLE.

CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR THE MAKEUP DEPARTMENT!

WE GET THE SHOT?

♫ CAMPTOWN LADIES SING THIS SONG, DOODAH, DOODAH... ♪

♪ CAMPTOWN RACETRACK'S FIVE-- ♫

YOU BET!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT OUR ENDING. THAT'S A WRAP!

END

CHARLES de GHOUL in:

THE CURSE OF THE EMPTY SUIT

STORY BY JEREMY ATKINS
PENCILS BY D.A. COX
INKS BY ANDY OWENS
COLORS BY DAVE STEWART
LETTERS BY NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

GOOOOD EVENING, BOOGIES AND GHOULS! IT IS I, THE MISFIT OF THE MACABRE, CHARLES de GHOUL, BACK WITH ANOTHER CHILLING TALE.

EVER WONDER IF YOUR THOUGHTS ARE TRULY YOUR OWN...?

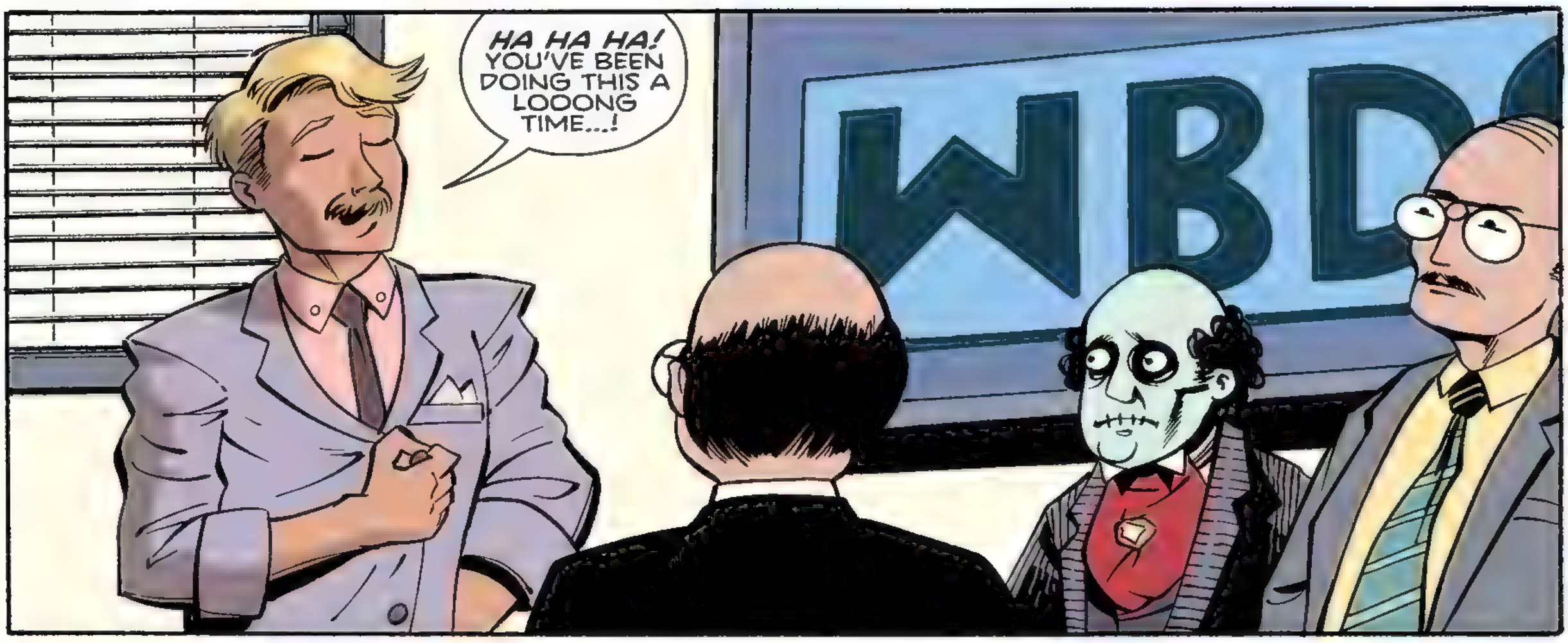
WHAT IF SOMEONE WERE MAKING YOU DO AND SAY *WHATEVER THEY WANTED?* WHAT A *THOUGHT,* EH...?

IT'S NOT THAT WE WANT TO *CHANGE* WHAT YOU DO--BUT WE CAN *MODIFY* IT SLIGHTLY, WITH A BETTER R.O.I. FOR THE NETWORK.

YOU SEE, LATE NIGHT PROGRAMMING HOURS USED TO BE ALMOST A WRITE OFF. WE FILLED AIRTIME WITH LOW COST PACKAGES AND ANY LEFTOVER LOCAL ADVERTISING. THAT'S ALL CHANGING.

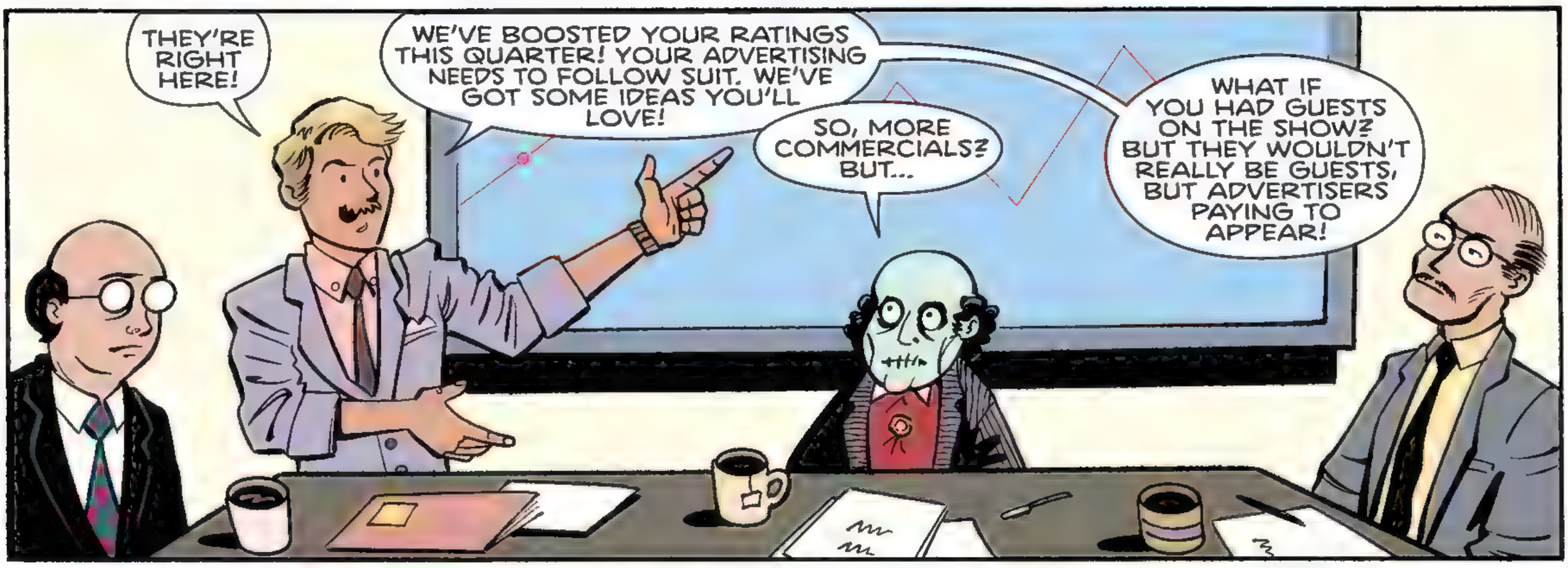
WHAT'S CHANGED? I RECEIVED A LETTER TODAY FROM A FAN OF OVER FIFTEEN YEARS!

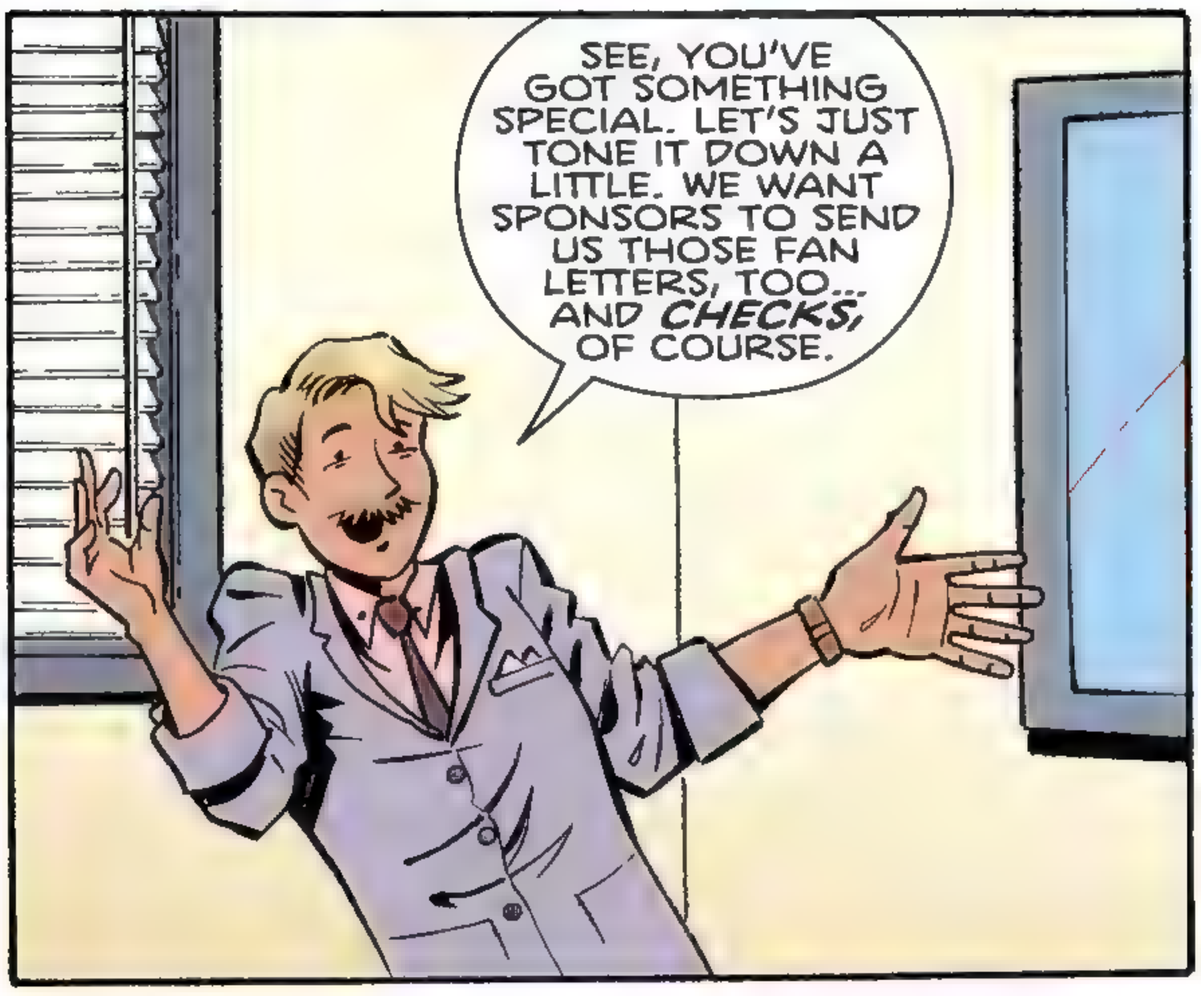
WBDG

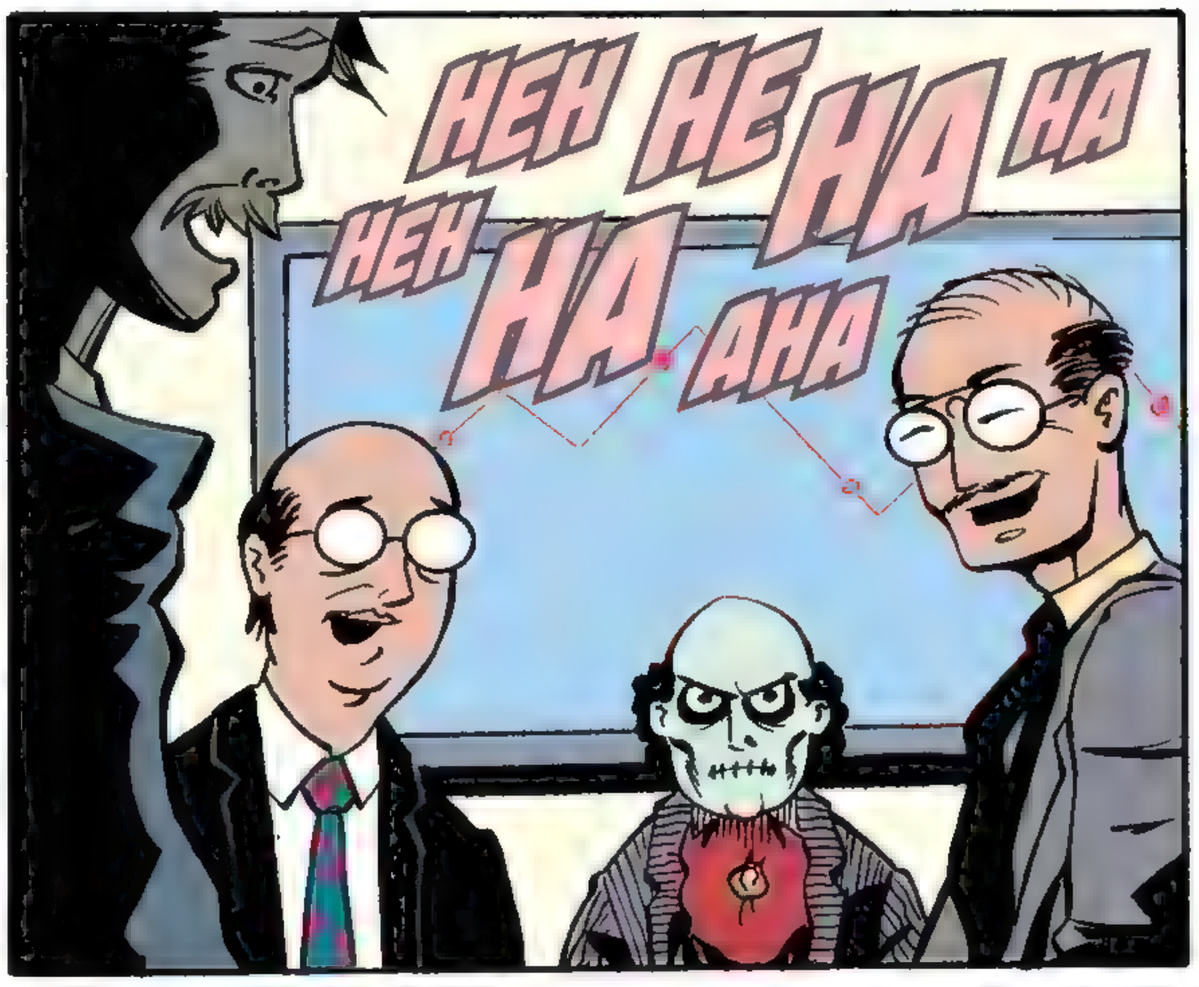

HA HA HA! YOU'VE BEEN DOING THIS A LOOONG TIME...!
WBD

LOOK, I KNOW MY AUDIENCE.

SO DO WE.


THEY'RE RIGHT HERE!
WE'VE BOOSTED YOUR RATINGS THIS QUARTER! YOUR ADVERTISING NEEDS TO FOLLOW SUIT. WE'VE GOT SOME IDEAS YOU'LL LOVE!
SO, MORE COMMERCIALS? BUT...
WHAT IF YOU HAD GUESTS ON THE SHOW? BUT THEY WOULDN'T REALLY BE GUESTS, BUT ADVERTISERS PAYING TO APPEAR!


SEE, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL. LET'S JUST TONE IT DOWN A LITTLE. WE WANT SPONSORS TO SEND US THOSE FAN LETTERS, TOO... AND CHECKS, OF COURSE.


HEH HE HA HA
HEH HA AHA

WHAT IF WE JUST INVITE THEM INTO YOUR WORLD--A NEW KIND OF ADVERTISING, A NEW KIND OF PROGRAMMING. CHECK OUT THIS SPOOOOKY COFFEE-MAKER...AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL KREBMART!

WHAT IF I REACH OUT TO SOME LOCAL BUSINESS OWNER FRIENDS MYSELF?

I LOVE YOUR INITIATIVE!

AT W.M. GAINES & SONS MORTUARY, YOUR LAST REQUEST IS OUR FIRST PRIORITY.

THAT BRINGS US TO TONIGHT'S FILM...

IT'S "FIRST LOVE, LAST WILL" STARRING ANNETTE FUNICELLO AND VINCENT PRICE.

SEE, I TOLD YOU HE WAS THE BEST...

CHARLES DE GHOUL CREEP LEAGUE

THE END

HOAX HUNTERS

0023/45b
GRIEVANCE DAY

Written by Michael Moreci & Steve Seeley
Art by Joe Eisma
Colors by Greg & Fake
LetTers by JW Campbell

YES, DOVER DEMON, WE'LL GET THE WORD OUT -- YOU'RE FROM MASSACHUSETTS, NOT NEW JERSEY. IT'LL BE OUR BIGGEST PRIORITY AS SOON AS THIS DAY ENDS.

If it ends.

HOW MUCH LONGER?! I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT THIS THING GETS WORSE EVERY YEAR!

IT'S GRIEVANCE DAY, REGAN -- THE ONLY TIME THESE WEIRDOES CAN GET ANYONE TO LISTEN TO THEM. IT'S DESIGNED TO MAKE US MISERABLE.

LESS TALKING, MORE GETTING THIS OVER WITH.

NEXT!

HARD.

WATERS.

YOU HOAX HUNTERS KNOW HIM? ARE YOU ALL FRIENDS? ARE YOU WORKING TOGETHER?!

WHOA, WHOA, EASY, FOOT. WHO --OR WHAT-- IS HARD WATERS?

YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF HARD WATERS? HOST OF THE *CRYPTID CORNER* SEGMENT ON *C.N.X.?*

HE IS A LUNATIC WHO HAS MADE MY LIFE HELL THE PAST SIX MONTHS!

IT **CANNOT** BE **COINCIDENCE** THAT JUST **DAYS** BEFORE THE HUSTON BRIDGE COLLAPSED, **BIGFOOT** WAS SPOTTED IN THE AREA.

CNX

I TRUST ONLY THE MOST **RELIABLE** SOURCES, ALL OF WHOM CONFIRM THAT BIGFOOT HAS BEEN ENGAGING IN THIS KIND OF DESTRUCTION FOR **YEARS.** SABOTAGING BRIDGES, STARTING FOREST FIRES.

I HAVE PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF THE **BIGFOOT MENACE** AT GRAYBACK MOUNTAIN JUST **DAYS** BEFORE THE **STILL-MISSING** TRIO OF HIKERS **DISAPPEARED.**

Cryptid Corner on CNX

NEED ***MORE?*** BECAUSE, YES, THERE ***IS*** MORE. HE HAS PUT A ***BULLSEYE*** ON MY BACK, AND ***YOU*** ARE GOING TO GET IT ***OFF.***

WE CAN'T ***MUZZLE*** HIM. PEOPLE HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPOUT ***WHATEVER*** CRAZY NONSENSE THEY WANT -- WHICH I THINK IS THE JOB OF THE ***NEWS*** THESE DAYS.

AND, ULTIMATELY, HE'S CREATING ***FICTION*** ABOUT SOMETHING MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE DOESN'T ***EXIST*** ANYWAY.

I KNOW IT SUCKS TO HAVE YOUR NAME ***SMEARED,*** BUT--

"MY NAME SMEARED"?! THERE WAS A TIME WHEN PEOPLE SPOTTED ME AND WENT FOR THEIR CAMERAS. NOW THEY CHUCK ROCKS!

HUNTERS ARE SETTING TRAPS ALL OVER THE WOODS-- COUNTIES HAVE STARTED PUTTING A BOUNTY ON MY HEAD! WALLOWA COUNTY IS OFFERING A NEW CAR TO ANYONE WHO HITS ME WITH THEIR OLD CAR!

I'VE NEVER EVEN BEEN TO WALLOWA COUNTY!

LOOK AT HOW I'M STRESS SHEDDING!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. IT'S OUR JOB, ABOVE ALL, TO KEEP YOU SAFE.

WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

YEAH, COME IN. BUT IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR AUTOGRAPHS, MY RATE IS--

HEY, THE HOAX HUNTERS! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU GUYS. JACK, REGAN, KEN--

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

*Who still wears his **makeup** even when not on camera. That's... weird.*

HARD WATERS

MR. WATERS--

PLEASE, CALL ME ***HARD.***

I'LL STICK WITH MR. WATERS.

YOU NEED TO ***STOP*** YOUR ATTACK ON BIGFOOT. WE HAVE AN INTERESTED PARTY WHO WOULD LIKE YOUR, *um, "REPORTING"* TO END.

SORRY, NO CAN DO.

SEE, I HAVE A ***RESPONSIBILITY*** TO MY ***AUDIENCE.*** I MEAN, IF I JUST UP AND QUIT WHAT I'M DOING, WHAT WOULD THAT SAY OF MY ***CREDIBILITY?***

LOOK, I'VE GOT A SHOW TO PREP. HELP YOURSELF TO SOME ***ADVANCE*** COPIES OF *BIGFOOT AND THE DANGER TO OUR CHILDREN* -- HECK, I'LL EVEN ***SIGN*** THEM.

PLEASE ***DON'T.***

WATERS, IT'S ONE THING TO ***SLANT*** THE NEWS, BUT YOUR MESSAGE IS SENDING PEOPLE INTO THE WOODS HUNTING SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T ***EXIST***-- SOMEONE'S GOING TO GET ***HURT.***

HEY, I CAN'T CONTROL HOW PEOPLE ***ACT*** -- AND ***YOU*** CAN'T CONTROL WHAT I ***SAY.***

THAT HAPPENS TO US ***ALL*** THE TIME, PEOPLE TRYING TO TELL US HOW TO RUN OUR SHOW. SPEAKING OF...

WE'RE ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NEW CONTENT, NEW MYTHS TO EXPLORE. CHECK ***THIS*** ONE OUT.

I'LL TELL YOU, WE WERE ***SHOCKED.***

A ***WERE-SQUIRREL,*** WATERS? THAT'S ***NOT*** GOING TO GO OVER ***WELL*** WITH THE *CRYPTID CORNER* AUDIENCE.

WHAT?! THAT'S NOT ***TRUE!***

NO, IT'S NOT. DON'T WORRY, THOUGH. WE'LL MAKE SURE THE TRUTH COMES TO LIGHT. EVENTUALLY. BUT, MAN... THAT IMAGE IS ***HARD*** TO FORGET. AND, YOU KNOW, WE CAN'T CONTROL WHAT PEOPLE ***THINK.***

PEOPLE LIKE YOUR ***SPONSORS.***

CLEAN IT UP, WATERS. OR WE'LL ***WERE-SQUIRREL*** YOU. GOT IT?

THE NEXT DAY.

...EYEWITNESS REPORTS STATE THAT IT WAS **BIGFOOT** THAT **PREVENTED** THE EMERSON COUNTY SCHOOL BUS FROM **PLUNGING** INTO THE **RAVINE.**

EYE WITNESS

SASQUATCH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS A **HERO.**

I ***ALWAYS*** LIKED THAT BIGFOOT. GLAD TO SEE HE CLEANED UP HIS ACT.

WEREN'T YOU OUT ***HUNTIN'*** HIM YESTERDAY?

YEAH, BUT, HEY, IF HARD WATERS SAYS HE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF, IT ***MUST*** BE TRUE...

FAVE!

Dear Editor,
Your recent article dated October 2, 2013, titled "Two Masked Men Attack New York," was full of inconsistent and shameful fabrications. Captain Midnight would never team up with scum like Skyman.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT in: CAPTAIN MISINFORMATION!

WORDS: JOSHUA WILLIAMSON
LINES: DENNIS CULVER
COLORS: DAVE STEWART
LETTERS: NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

It appears as though you relied entirely on rumor and conjecture and didn't bother to research or fact check your writers. Did you even attempt to read the reports from the federal officers at the scene?

Your newspaper used to be one of honor, sir. And now all I see is a series of biases and half-truths.

This unfounded assumption that Captain Midnight would help SkymmmmTTTTTT****

DAMN TYPEWRITER!

KRASH

SO INFURIATING! THESE NEWSPAPERS AREN'T WORTH THE PAPER THEY'RE PRINTED ON!

THIS IS JUST...SUCH A DISAPPOINTMENT! I CAN'T BELIEVE THE VALUE OF A RELIABLE NEWS SOURCE HAS FALLEN SO FAR.

BACK IN MY DAY, THE NEWS HAD SOME INTEGRITY! THEY'D NEVER RUN A STORY THAT WASN'T ONE HUNDRED PERCENT TRUE.

CAP, C'MON. YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T RIGHT.

DURING YOUR TIME, THE GOVERNMENT TOOK CONTROL OF THE NEWS-PAPERS AND FILLED THEM WITH PROPAGANDA. MIGHT HAVE BEEN WARTIME, BUT EVEN THEN YOU HAD TO READ BETWEEN THE LINES, Y'KNOW?

BUT NOW WILL YOU AT LEAST GIVE THE INTERNET A TRY?

A PLACE WHERE ANY JOHN Q. PUBLIC CAN WRITE WHATEVER HE WANTS? WHENEVER HE WANTS? NOT SO SURE I CAN TRUST THAT.

TRY TO SEE THE POSITIVE, OKAY? THE NET ALSO GIVES EVERYONE A RESOURCE FOR THEIR VOICES TO BE HEARD.

LOOK, UM, CLICK ON C.N.X.-- THEIR FEED IS USUALLY PRETTY ON TOP OF THINGS.

PERHAPS I WAS **WRONG** ABOUT THE INTERNET! THIS GOOD FELLOW HERE SEEMS TO HAVE THE **STORY STRAIGHT.**

Captain Midnight was seen defeating the masked vigilante Skyman moments after Skyman destroyed the Sharkbyte Industries building in downtown New York.

According to witnesses on the scene, Captain Midnight then killed Skyman in cold blood by stabbing him repeatedly in the abdomen.

OUTRAGEOUS!

I **DIDN'T** KILL HIM! SKYMAN'S **ARREST** IS A MATTER OF **PUBLIC RECORD!**

THEY MUST HAVE **RUSHED** TO POST BEFORE THEY HAD **ALL** THE FACTS. IT...HAPPENS.

GIVE THIS BLOG A LOOK. SOMETIMES EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS ARE CLOSER TO GETTING IT RIGHT.

OH WAIT, Y'KNOW WHAT, CAP-- DON'T READ THE **COMMENTS.**

ENEMYOFPEANUTS: CNX has it all wrong, yo! I saw the true patriot Captain Midnight fighting Skyman with my own eyes! He saved the day! Cap defeated Skyman, and turned him in to the authorities.

CLOCKWORKCARROT: LIES! Click here for the TRUE STORY on the Sharkbyte explosion in New York!

CLOCKWORKCARROT: Talk about a False Flag. This is nothing but another elaborate Illuminati and Sharkbyte campaign from our Lizard overlords. Captain Midnight is clearly just a tool of the villainess Sharkbyte.

JUST. A. TOOL?!

GRRRR...

KRASH

SEEMS THAT NO ONE CAN GET IT **RIGHT.** IT'S SO SCATTERED AND HURRIED, AND INCONSISTENT. IS ANYONE INTERESTED IN **FACTS** ANYMORE?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO **JOURNALISTIC INTEGRITY?!**

YEAH, WELL, IF EVERYONE HAS THEIR OWN AGENDA... WHO DO YOU TRUST?

MYSELF.

WE CAN STAY INFORMED, AND CONTINUE READING THE NEWS.

BUT I'LL JUST HAVE TO LEARN TO DRAW MY **OWN** CONCLUSIONS FROM **ALL** OUR NEWS SOURCES.

I'M GLAD I BACKED UP.

THE END

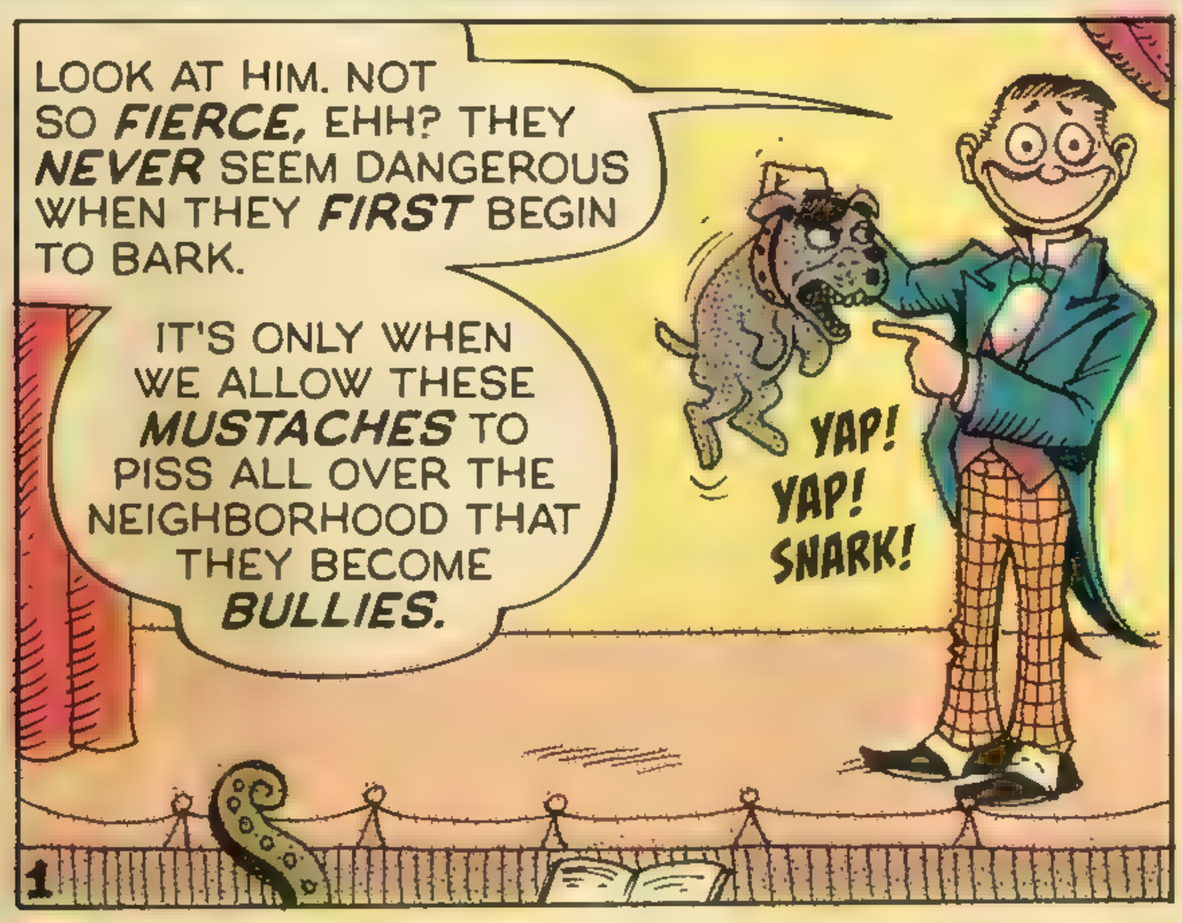
"MY HERO"

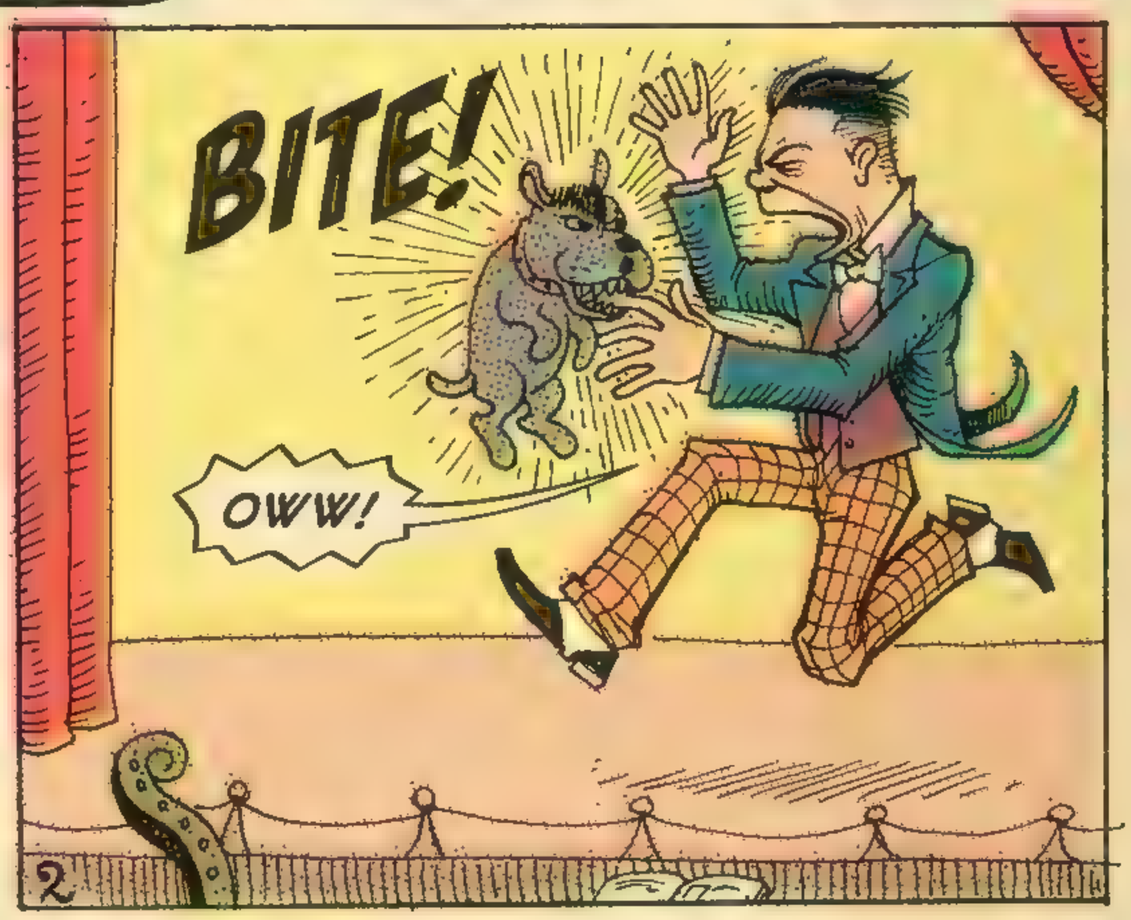
BY ART BALTAZAR & FRANCO

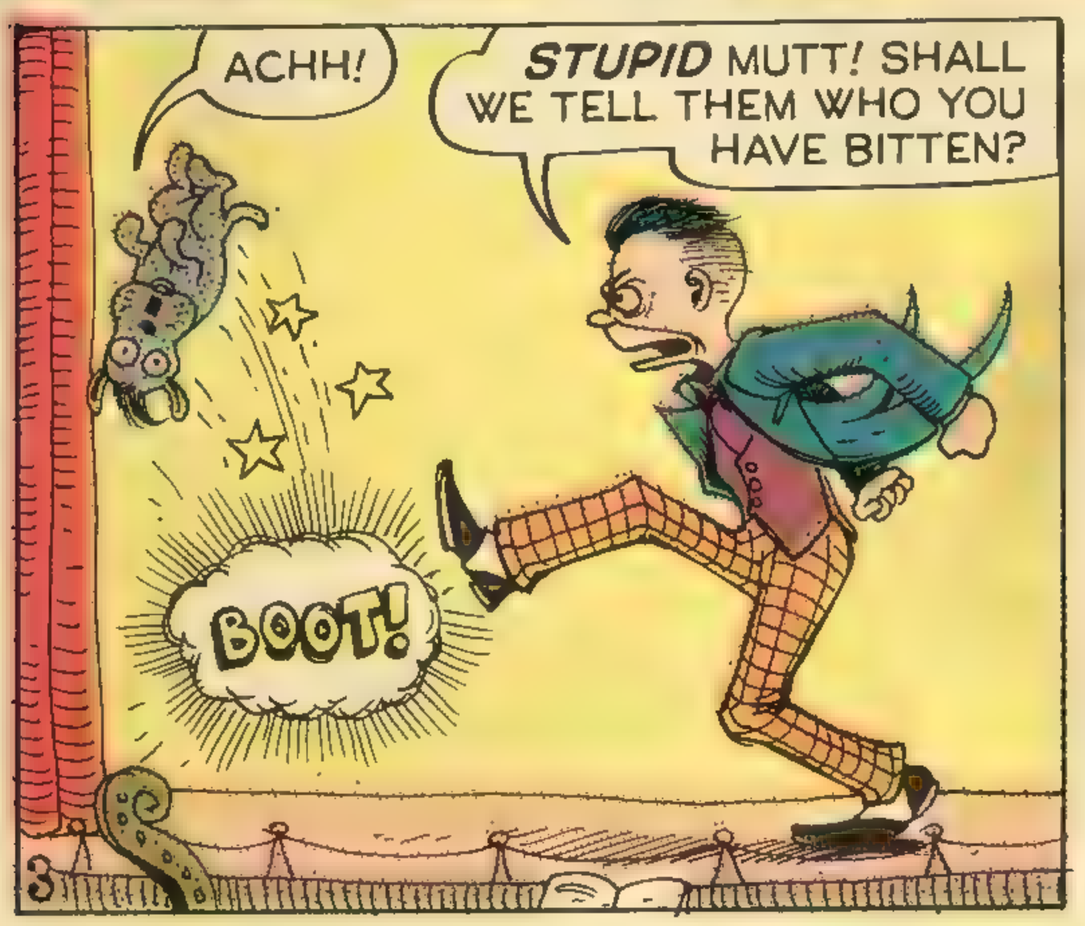
-WOW.

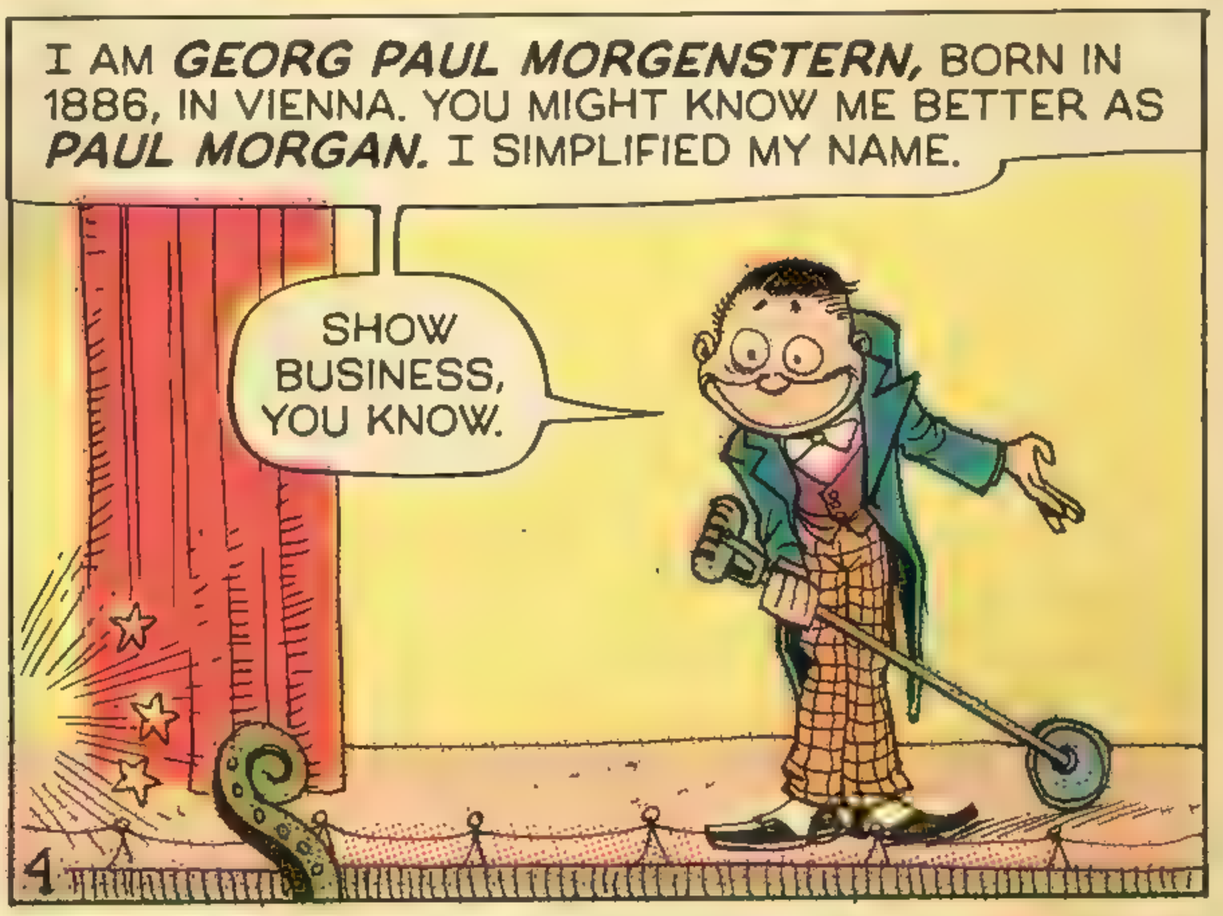
I TRAVELLED THE WORLD, TELLING JOKES, HOSTING CABARETS, BUT THERE WAS A YAPPING NOISE BEHIND ME, FOR I, PAUL MORGAN, HAD...

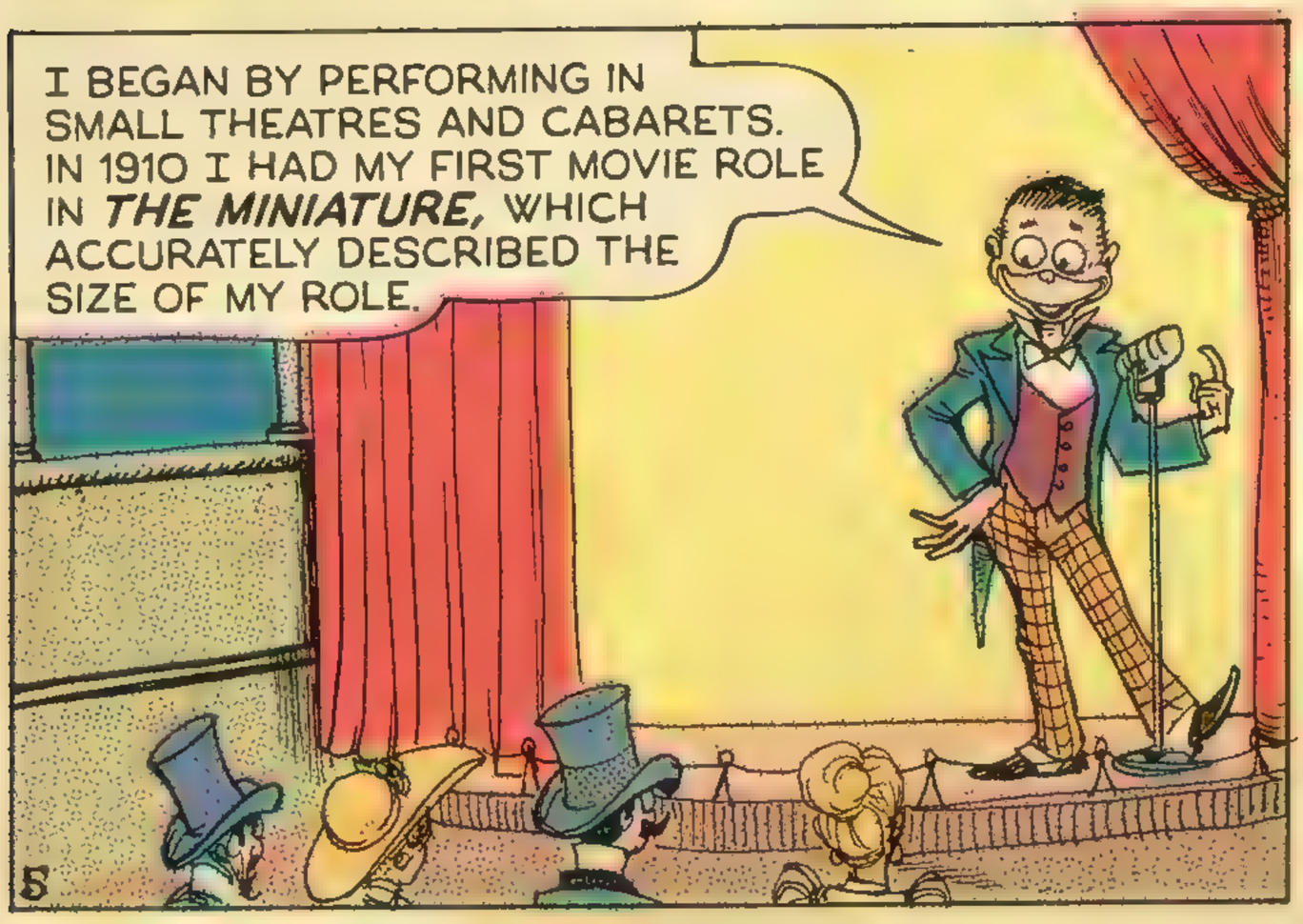
A MUSTACHE AT MY HEELS

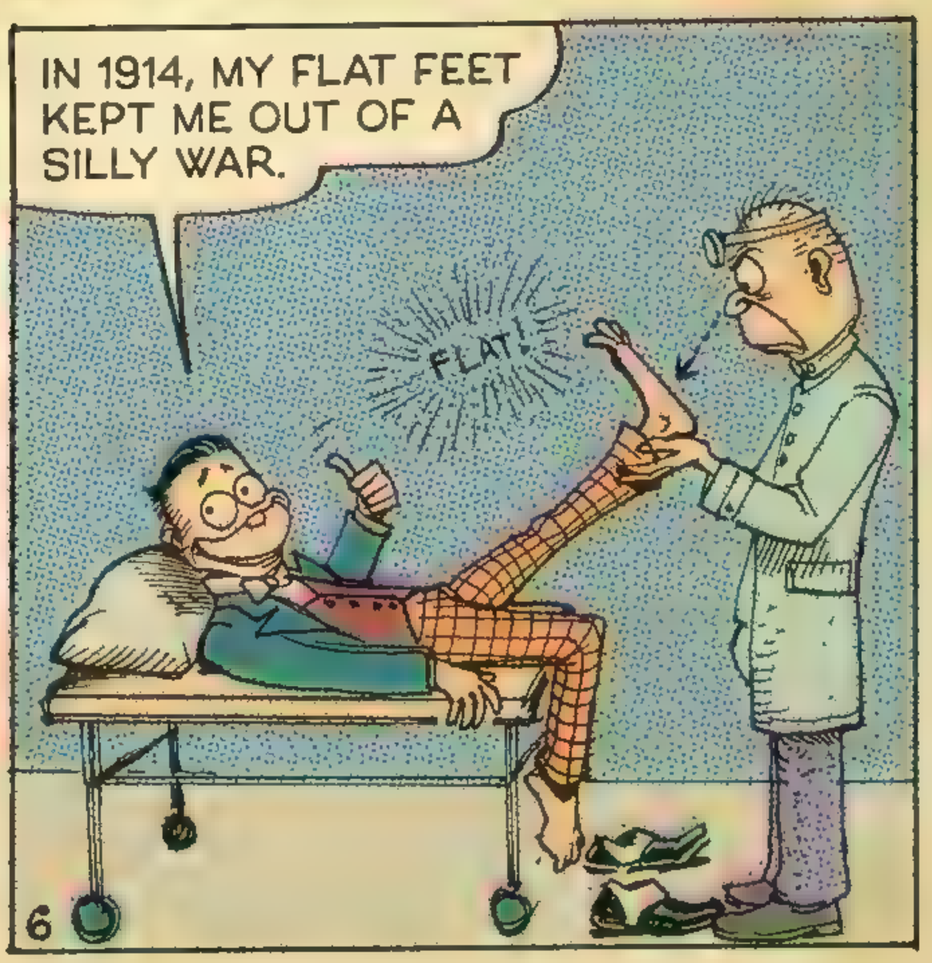

LOOK AT HIM. NOT SO *FIERCE,* EHH? THEY *NEVER* SEEM DANGEROUS WHEN THEY *FIRST* BEGIN TO BARK.
IT'S ONLY WHEN WE ALLOW THESE *MUSTACHES* TO PISS ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD THAT THEY BECOME *BULLIES.*
YAP! YAP! SNARK!
1






I AM *GEORG PAUL MORGENSTERN,* BORN IN 1886, IN VIENNA. YOU MIGHT KNOW ME BETTER AS *PAUL MORGAN.* I SIMPLIFIED MY NAME.
SHOW BUSINESS, YOU KNOW.
4


I BEGAN BY PERFORMING IN SMALL THEATRES AND CABARETS. IN 1910 I HAD MY FIRST MOVIE ROLE IN *THE MINIATURE,* WHICH ACCURATELY DESCRIBED THE SIZE OF MY ROLE.
5



I LEFT VIENNA FOR BERLIN IN 1917. THE MUSTACHE HAD STILL NOT BEGUN TO BARK.

Berlin

MY MOVIE CAREER SPANNED OVER A HUNDRED FILMS OPPOSITE SUCH STARS AS CONRAD VEIDT AND THE ALWAYS CONTROVERSIAL ANITA BERBER--

CONRAD VEIDT

ANITA BERBER

FRITZ LANG

--WORKING WITH DIRECTORS LIKE FRITZ LANG.

"I WAS SOON ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR MASTERS OF CEREMONIES THROUGH-OUT THE WHOLE OF BERLIN'S CABARET SOCIETY.

"IN 1924, AND IN CONJUNCTION WITH KURT ROBITSCHEK AND MAX HANSEN, I FOUNDED THE ***KADEKO,*** BERLIN'S WONDERFUL CABARET OF COMEDIANS.

KABARETT DER KOMIKER

"WE OPENED OUR SHOW WITH 'QUO VADIS,' A CRITICAL PARODY OF THE THEN-IMPENDING NAZI PARTY. I PLAYED THE ROLE OF NERO, AN EARLIER VERSION OF THE YAPPING DOG."

MAX HANSEN

KURT ROBITSCHEK

"THE SHOW PROVED SUCCESSFUL, WITH OUR AUDIENCE HISSING IN SURPRISE AND ELATION AT OUR HARSH 'SATIRES' OF THE DANGEROUSLY GROWING NAZIS.

"IN 1930, SEVERAL NEWSPAPERS BLACKLISTED OUR CABARET. SOON, THE BROWNSHIRTS, THE INFAMOUS ***STURMABTEILUNG,*** INVADED OUR THEATRE DURING AN ANTI-HITLER LAMPOON."

IN 1930, I SET OFF TO METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER IN HOLLYWOOD, MAKING U.S. VERSIONS OF GERMAN HITS.

HOLLYWOOD

IN 1933, MY KADEKO WAS FORCED TO RAISE THE SWASTIKA FLAG. AND THE NAZI SEIZURE OF POWER ALL BUT ENDED MY FILM CAREER.

"I LEFT BERLIN FOR THE CABARETS OF SWITZERLAND, THEN OFF TO THE INCREASINGLY REACTIONARY VIENNA. UNFORTUNATELY, AS YOU MIGHT GUESS...THE MUSTACHE. DISSENT, EVEN IN THE FORM OF COMEDY, WAS NOT ALLOWED.

"AUSTRIA WAS 'ANNEXED' ON MARCH 12TH, 1938. ONLY TEN DAYS LATER, ON MARCH 22ND, 1938, THEY CAME FOR ME.

"MY WIFE JOSEFINE OBTAINED ENTRY PERMITS FOR THE NETHERLANDS AND YUGOSLAVIA FOR ME.

"BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. I WAS DEPORTED TO DACHAU.

"SOON, I FOUND MYSELF IN BUCHENWALD. EVEN THERE, I HELD CABARETS.

"ON THE 10TH OF DECEMBER IN 1938, FOOD WAS FOUND HIDDEN IN THE BEDS OF MY BLOCK. AS PUNISHMENT, WE WERE FORCED TO PERFORM 'PUNISHMENT EXERCISES,' IN THE BITTER COLD.

"ALAS, THE STRESS WAS FAR TOO MUCH FOR ME. I DIED. AND I WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE. THE MUSTACHE HAD SILENCED SO MUCH LAUGHTER."

BUT, LIKE ALL SUCH DOGS, THE MUSTACHE WOULD HAVE HIS D-DAY.

AND SO IT WAS I WHO HAD... THE LAST LAUGH!

THE END

PUNK ROCK IS OUT TO LUNCH

STORY LEAH SOTTILE
ART EMI LENOX
COLORS MICHELLE MADSEN
LETTERS NATE PIEKOS

FEBRUARY 21, 2012. FIVE RUSSIAN WOMEN DECIDED TO PLAY THE PART OF SUPERHEROES--EVEN IF JUST FOR A MINUTE.

BUT WHAT THEY WOULD DO IN THAT MOMENT **WOULD** MAKE THEM REAL-LIFE HEROES, BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED NEXT...

DESPITE WHAT THEY KNEW HAPPENED TO DISSENTERS...

DESPITE EVERYTHING THEY FEARED...

THEY TRANSFORMED INTO...

...PUSSY RIOT!

A FEMINIST PUNK-ROCK PROTEST GROUP WHO WOULD SOON BE REVERED BY ACTIVISTS AND DISSENTERS! THE SCOURGE OF THE STAUNCH PROTECTORS OF THE KREMLIN AND THE PRIGGISH RELIGIOUS RIGHT!

SHIT! SHIT! THE LORD'S SHIT!

THAT NIGHT, PUSSY RIOT STORMED A RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CATHEDRAL AND PERFORMED JUST TWO MINUTES OF A PROTEST SONG LAMPOONING THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT FOR ITS SO-CALLED "SEPARATION" OF CHURCH AND STATE.

SOON THEY WERE CONVICTED OF "HOOLIGANISM MOTIVATED BY RELIGIOUS HATRED." IT WOULD REVEAL JUST HOW MUCH RUSSIA VALUED ITS FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

PUSSY RIOT'S POINT WAS PROVEN-- IF THEY WERE GOING TO JAIL FOR BLASPHEMY, THE CHURCH AND STATE TRULY WERE IN BED TOGETHER.

GUILTY!

HOOLIGANS!

PROFANE!

AROUND THE WORLD, PUSSY RIOT WAS CALLED A GROUP OF SUPERHEROES FOR HAVING THE COJONES TO SPEAK OUT. THEY BECAME THE SUBJECT OF CELEBRITY FASHION. THEY WERE IDOLIZED...

WE ARE PUSSY RIOT

DEFENDERS OF FREE SPEECH!

PUNK ICONS!

WE ARE PUSSY RIOT

FREE PUSSY RIOT

FREE PUSSY RIOT

FREE PUSSY RIOT

FREE PUSSY RIOT

POST

PUSSY RIOT

...AND REVERED BY YOUNG BOYS EVERYWHERE FOR GETTING DIRTY WORDS ONTO NEWSPAPERS' FRONT PAGES AROUND THE PLANET.

UNVERIFIED, BUT ONE MUST ASSUME.

FOR THE WESTERN WORLD, IT WAS A HARD LESSON ABOUT FREE SPEECH--

IT'S A LUXURY MOST OF THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW.

BUT MAYBE PUSSY RIOT KNEW THEIR ARREST WOULDN'T CHANGE A DAMN THING. MAYBE IT WAS ACTUALLY A DARE...

...A CHALLENGE TO THE FREE WORLD TO WIELD THIS FREEDOM TO SPEAK UP. TO RECOGNIZE ALL OF THE REASONS WE HAVE TO BE OUTRAGED.

USE YOUR VOICE!

SPOKANE, WASH., MARCH 20, 2006.

A POLICE OFFICER BEATS A MAN TO DEATH WITHOUT MOTIVATION. LATER IT'S REVEALED THE MAN--WHO WAS MENTALLY HANDICAPPED--WAS JUST TRYING TO PURCHASE A CANDY BAR.

NEWTOWN, CONN.,DECEMBER 14, 2012.

TWENTY TINY CHILDREN ARE EXECUTED INSIDE THEIR CLASSROOMS...

OK ELEMENTARY

THE GOVERNMENT MONITORS THE PHONE CALLS AND EMAILS OF AMERICANS, WHO SIT BY IDLY, SAYING...

BIG BRO IS WATCHIN YOU

HEY, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE!

IT'S LIKE OUR FREEDOM IS A FOREIGN THING, SOMETHING WE'D NEVER THINK TO USE THE WAY PUSSY RIOT DID.

IF WE SPEAK UP, DO WE RISK BECOMING SOCIAL PARIAHS? OUTCASTS? CARELESS RABBLE-ROUSERS?

YES WE CAN

WHERE'S OUR OUTRAGE? OUR PROTEST SONGS?

WHERE'S OUR MODERN-DAY JOE STRUMMER? JELLO BIAFRA, HENRY ROLLINS? WHERE IS THE PUNK ROCK THAT CALLS OUT THE INJUSTICES RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR FACES?

MAYBE **THAT'S** THE LESSON OF PUSSY RIOT.

THEIR STUNT WAS A CALL TO GET THE WORLD TO SPEAK UP, TO USE OUR VOICES...

AN INVITATION TO PUT ON OUR OWN MASKS...

TO BECOME HEROES, CHAMPIONS OF OUR OWN FREEDOM...

A TIME TO ASK OURSELVES, WHILE WE STAND AND WATCH THE WORLD CRUMBLE AROUND US--

JUST HOW PUSSY AM I?

THE END

HACK/SLASH™

GREETINGS, BOILS & GHOULS. JOIN US FOR A LITTLE TALE I CALL...

AVERT YOUR EYES!

A HACK/SLASH STORY BY TIM SEELEY, ANDY KUHN, ZAC ATKINSON, AND CRANK!

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.
WHAT...WAS THAT?
Y'KNOW, LIKE ONE OF THOSE OLD "TALES FROM THE CRYPT" INTROS?
THE CRYPT-KEEPER?
LOOKED LIKE A MUMMIFIED BEA ARTHUR?
NO?

SOON.

HMM.

WEIRD.

HMMM HMMM...STINKY PITS AND SWEATY BACK... HMMM...

VLAD GOT DESERT DUST IN HIS CRACK... HMMM...

HEE HEE.

HM. HOLD THE PHONE...

IT'S THE GUY FROM THE PARKING LOT...

DRIN

JUG

WHAT-- AHHH!

WHAT A RIP OFF. BET THAT BIG FELLA WOULDA HAD AN ANACONDA!

CASSANDRA!! I--I CANNOT SEE LITTLE VLAD!

AAAAAIGGH!

BIG SCREAM, YES?

WHOA! NO BLACK BAR BACK HERE!

IT CAME FROM NEXT DOOR!

I HOPE YOU ARE STILL THERE, LITTLE VLAD!

WHAT THE [redacted]?

THE BLOOD... IT IS BLACK. AND...WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID [redacted]. VLAD, SHE WAS LOOKING AT YOU. LIKE THE GUY IN THE PARKING LOT WAS LOOKING AT ME.

WAIT A SECOND.

VLAD, I NEED YOU TO LOOK--

--AT MY [redacted]!

GAH!

OKAY. REEAAADDDY...

YEHI ANUFF NAH SEEEE.

NOW!

WHERE DID HE COME FROMP!

WHACK

HE CAME RIGHT OUTTA HIS [redacted] MOM'S [redacted]

WHERE IS HE?! I THINK PERHAPS I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE [redacted] IS GOING ON, YES?

I THINK I DO. WE'VE DONE THIS *SELF-AWARE META* [redacted] BEFORE.

REMEMBER *MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT*?

=SIGH=

COME ON. FOLLOW ME.

I SEE NOW. [redacted] DOES NOT *PAY!*

NO! IT'S A [redacted] THAT IS ALSO A [redacted]!

I CAN'T TELL *NIGHTMARE* THAT I'M A [redacted]

LITTLE VLAD. YOU ARE NOT ALONE.

OOOOH.

OH *YURI*, I WANT TO TOUCH YOU! I THINK I'M A [redacted]!

WHERE ARE THE REBELS?!

ALMOST THERE! I SEE HIM!

THIS IS FOR LITTLE VLAD!

CRAK

YEHH MUFF NAH--

WOK

UH AM THUH *CENSORR*--

YEAH, DUMB ASS, I GET IT.

AND I NEED YOU TO *STOP!*

WHU--? WHY?

WHY DO WE *NEED* TO HURT? TO SUFFER AND DIE?

BECAUSE, YOU IDIOT, WE'RE A *CATHARSIS.* WE'RE *SAFE FEAR.*

AND, EVEN MORE IMPORTANTLY, I NEED YOU TO STOP BECAUSE NO MATTER WHAT YOU COVER UP HERE, WHAT YOU PUNISH OR FORBID THEM FROM SEEING...

...IT'S JUST *LYING* TO PEOPLE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN OUT *THERE.*

THERE'S A THIN LINE BETWEEN SCARING THEM TO *ENTERTAIN* THEM, AND SCARING THEM TO MAKE THEM *THINK.*

YEHH MUFF NAH... MUFF NAH...

...THINK.

SHIK

YOU DEFEATED HIM.

BUT... WE MUST SUFFER?

THAT'S THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT, PARTNER.

LET'S CATCH THE FIRST PANEL BACK TO ALBUQUERQUE.

THE HORROR.

THE HORROR!!

HRRM. WELCOME BACK, LITTLE VLAD!

YEAH, MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE HUNG ONTO THAT BLACK BAR FOR A LITTLE LONGER...

AVERT YOUR EYES!

THE FUCKING END!

WHAT IF WERTHAM WAS RIGHT?

BY JOSH WILLIAMSON

AND RON CHAN

WITH NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

DUDE, THOSE ARE SO FAKE.

PFTT, LIKE YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

YOU CAN TOTALLY SEE THE SCARS!

WELL, WHATEVER, THIS IS WAY BETTER THAN THE LAST ONE WE FOUND.

AH MAN, CHECK IT OUT! FINDERS KEEPERS!

MORE TITTY MAGS?

NAH... SOMETHING ELSE...

IS THAT DUDE FLYING? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

NO IDEA, BUT THERE'S A WHOLE **STACK** OF 'EM.

SUPERMAN? WHO IS--?

WHO CARES?!

MAN, I BET WE COULD TRADE THESE TO JASON FOR A PACK OF **CIGARETTES.**

NO WAY. **TWO** PACKS OF CIGARETTES!

LATER.

DON'T LET YOUR MOTHER CATCH YOU WITH YOUR SHOES ON THE COUCH, SON.

YEAH, YEAH.

LOOK AT THIS BOOK I FOUND IN THE WOODS, DAD.

IT'S GOT THIS WEIRDO IN A **CAPE** FIGHTING **ROBOTS** AND--

JESUS, NO!

DAD! WHAT--?!

GO TO YOUR ROOM.

BUT DAD, I WAS READING--

GO TO YOUR ROOM. NOW!

OH MY... JOHN, WHAT'S WRONG?

NO...

WHAT DO WE DO?

WE HAVE TO CALL THE COMICS CODE.

BUT HE'S OUR **SON!**

WE HAVE NO CHOICE!

HELLO, I NEED TO REPORT THAT MY SON... MY SON...

HAD A... **COMIC BOOK.**

KNOCK KNOCK

WHERE IS HE?

IN HIS ROOM.

SHOW US.

SON?

THERE ARE SOME MEN HERE THAT NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU ABOUT THAT **BOOK** YOU FOUND IN THE WOODS.

IT'LL BE OKAY, BUT WE NEED TO KNOW IF THERE WAS MORE THAN THE **ONE**...

SON?

AIIIE! EEIIEEE!

OH GOD, NO!

SON-- NO!

WHERE DID HE GET THOSE KNIVES?!

BANG BANG BANG

AAHHH

UP, UP AND AWAY!

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S--!

EEEE!

SUPERMAN.

BANG BANG

DID--DID YOUR SON SAY IF THERE WERE MORE THAN THE ONE COMIC BOOK?

OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD... NO, NO, NO...

HELP!

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

COWARDLY AND SUPERSTITIOUS LOT!

IMPERIUS REX!

SHAZAM!

FLAME ON!

OH NO, WHAT DO WE DO?

NOTHING...

IT'S TOO LATE.

THE END

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